

## Forest City.

—Bilder Augustine visited in Bigelow Tuesday.

—Mrs. Devault is visiting her daughter in Iowa.

—Miss Lottie Brazel visited relatives here over Sunday.

—Mrs. Efrer and daughter, Miss Grace, were in St. Joseph Saturday.

—The infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Phillips died Saturday and was buried Sunday.

—Mrs. Dave Wallace was called to Darlington, Mo., last week by the death of a nephew.

—Mr. and Mrs. Charley Hunt, of Bigelow, visited at the home of Will Kollmer Sunday.

—Miss Gladys Quick spent Sunday, the guest of relatives in the city, and visited class No. 3 in the M. E. Sunday school.

—Albert Martin and Fred Landers returned home Friday evening from Willow Springs, Mo., where they held a very successful revival meeting.

—Mrs. T. P. Fitzmaurice and children returned last week from Butte, Mont., where they spent the summer. Their many friends gladly welcome them home again.

—Mrs. Margaret Johnston, of Killebrew, Ia., left Monday for Hutchinson, Kan., to spend the winter with her sister, Mrs. Cook. She spent the past week with her brother, Shauck Smith, and family.

—There will be services at the Methodist church Saturday morning and evening; also Sunday morning and evening, conducted by Dr. C. H. Briggs, Presiding Elder of the St. Joseph district. Everybody invited to attend.

—The members of class No. 3 of the Methodist Sunday school met at the home of Miss Edna Hopper Tuesday evening of last week, to hold their business meeting. After the work was finished, Miss Edna announced a social hour on program, inviting the girls to join in making fudge, popping corn, music, laughing and talking. A most delightful evening was spent, Miss Edna proving herself to be a charming hostess. The next meeting will be held at the home of Miss Ruth Headley.

RUBY.

## Napier and Vicinity.

—Jack Ogden and daughter, Nora, were in Mound City Monday.

—Henry Shawgo, of Mound City, took dinner with J. J. Brown Sunday.

—George Swymeler is helping Irvin Oakley bale hay at Forest City this week.

—Mrs. C. C. Brown and Ethel Ryrd visited the school one afternoon this week.

—C. C. Brown and son, Clyde, and J. J. Brown had business in Mound City Monday.

—There will be a box supper at the Banks school house Friday night. Everybody come.

—Mrs. L. A. Banks was called to Nebraska Saturday by the serious illness of her sister.

—This community was shocked on Friday morning to hear of the death of Francis Scott at Napier. Mr. Scott arose as usual and went out to feed his hogs. He returned to the house, sat down and fell over dead. The deceased was 75 years of age and had made his home for several years past with his nephew and family. He was an old veteran and the body was taken to Carthage, Ill., for burial.

NEMO.

## Monarch.

—R. L. Hughes and Robert made a trip to St. Joseph Monday.

—Clarence Lilley and wife made a trip to St. Joseph Tuesday of last week.

—Fred Bright and family and Mart Cummins spent Sunday at R. L. Hughes'.

—Jas. Smith and wife and Valada spent Sunday with Clarence Lilley and wife.

—Frank Colhour and wife spent Saturday and Sunday in St. Joseph last week.

—Mrs. Raines is visiting this week with her daughter, Anna McCallon, of near Fillmore.

—Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Hughes gave a party for the young folks Tuesday night of last week.

—John Graham and wife spent Monday at Nodaway with her mother Mrs. H. C. Chilcoat.

—Bert Calvert and wife, of near Nodaway, spent Saturday night and Sunday at James Brown's.

CLIFFORD.

## Shooting Match!

There will be a Shooting Match for most everything, at Hugh Burrier's, on

Tuesday, Nov. 28, 1911.

Bring your ammunition, shooting irons, and calculate on having a good time. Fun will begin at 9 a. m., and continue as long as you can see to shoot.

HUGH BURRIER.

## Thirty-Seven Years Ago.

One of the very happiest and joyous of occasions—one of those that makes you look back, and wish that you could again enjoy those days long since past over again—if not all of them just some of them. Such no doubt was the feelings that came to our friends, H. L. Hersher and wife on Saturday last, November 18.

November 18, 1874, Henry L. Hersher and Miss Maggie Donovan were made husband and wife at the Donovan home, near Savannah, by the Rev. Gann.

The occasion of their 37th anniversary brought a large number of their neighbors and friends to the Hersher home in Nickell's Grove to celebrate the occasion. The girls did the inviting without the knowledge of Father and Mother Hersher, and by the time the crowd had arrived, fully 30 in number, all ages, sexes and sizes in the crowd, the couple caught on, and were soon in condition to grapple with the situation, and they readily contributed to making the occasion one of the greenest landing places in their life's voyage.

They have four children: Mrs. John Noelsch and Mrs. Earl Stephenson; Ira E. and Roy and one grandchild, little Jeanette Lucile Stephenson.

An elegant spread of the good things to eat was prepared and served by their daughters, and the old couple acted as near as possible as they did 37 years ago, when they were bride and groom.

## "Dad" Clark's New Run.

Conductor "Tom" Clark has been transferred from the St. Joseph and Villisca branch of the Burlington to the St. Joseph and Sheridan branch. This change was made at Mr. Clark's request. The new run gives him twenty-three hours at his home in St. Joseph. It is a run of 125 miles and has four passenger crews, who alternate in running, and this run is considered one of the best on the Burlington out of St. Joseph.

Conductor Clark, or "Tom," as he was familiarly called here, had become almost a fixture on this branch of the Burlington, having run a train here for over twenty years, and was acquainted with every man, woman and child and their dog that lived along the line between St. Joseph and Villisca, Ia., and all knew when they got on Tom Clark's train that they must have a ticket or be able to promptly dig up their fare.—Skidmore New Era.

## Came Together.

Saturday evening, Nov. 11, passenger train No. 50, while backing up to the depot, came in contact with No. 92, a local freight that was pulling off of the side track to the main line. Both trains were damaged. The front of the engine was crushed in and the rear of the car was mashed, and some of our town people received a severe shaking. Four or five of the south-bound passengers sustained sprains and bruises. No. 50 did not go to Napier that evening on account of the disabled coach, and No. 92 carried the passengers to Napier, where No. 16 was held for them.

—Harold Porter, of Topeka, Kans., is visiting relatives here.

—Otto Fuhrman, of Kansas City, is here for a visit with home folks.

—Charley Rayhill left Wednesday for Pana, Ill., for a few days' visit with relatives.

—Tom Ferguson, of Omaha, was here last week visiting his brothers, Andy and William.

—J. M. Wachtel, of Rosendale, was shaking hands with his many friends in Oregon last week.

—Syrup of White Pine Compound for coughs and colds. Satisfaction guaranteed. E. O. PHILLIPS, 12-1 Druggist.

—Rev. Henry Bruns, former pastor of the German M. E. church here, writes us from Corder, Mo., his new station, that they are located in their new home and all are well.

## Burr Oak.

—Henry Lunsford purchased a new buggy recently.

—Nick Stone lost a valuable mare one day last week.

—Mrs. Nic Stone bought a fine milchcow from Geo. Minton last week.

—Mr. Eads, who lives on the Kaiser farm, is building a handsome new house. We need more such enterprising men.

—Miss Mattie Stone left on Sunday of last week for Kansas, where she will make her home with a family near Hiawatha.

—Charlie Kaiser, who has been in Wyoming for several months, has returned to old Holt county. You should see the smiles on the girls' faces.

—John Williams and his sister, Miss Bessie, of Northwestern Nebraska, left Monday, after a pleasant visit with cousins and other relatives of this vicinity.

—Mrs. Pearl Lippold was well remembered last Sunday by her many friends and relatives. It being her birthday. A nice dinner was given and every one reports a good time.

—Bob Woolsey, of Parsons, Kan., is here visiting with his aunt and uncle, Sam Akhre and wife. Mr. Woolsey has not been here since his father and mother moved away from here several years ago.

EEO.

—John Speer is moving this week to Forest City, occupying the H. S. Teare property.

—Mrs. F. O. Weaver, of Mound City, has been the guest of Mrs. Alma Jones, the past few days.

—Mrs. Minnie Moore will supply you with high-grade post cards, suitable for all occasions. Everyday floral and motto cards; birthday, Thanksgiving and Christmas cards. Also folders, booklets, calendars, etc. The first door north of the Sentinel office.

—Mrs. C. E. Williams, who has had a severe struggle with the grippe, is now able to be out again.

—Earnest Kallenbach and wife, of Detroit, Mich., were here this week visiting relatives and friends.

—Have your clothes cleaned at the "Spotless" French Dry Cleaning and Pressing Parlor. ASBY GREENE.

—Edgar Allen, with the Rock Island railway company, St. Joseph, was here over Sunday, the guest of his brother, Postmaster Allen.

—There will be a box supper and debating contest at the Triumph school house, Friday evening, Nov. 24. Everybody invited.

CORTEX MEADOWS, Teacher.

—Rev. Charles Brown will preach at the Nodaway Baptist church, Sunday, Nov. 26, at 11 o'clock a. m. All are cordially invited to attend.

—The ladies of Woodville, will give a Thanksgiving supper at the Woods school house, Wednesday evening, Nov. 29th. Everybody is cordially invited to attend.

—Mr. E. M. Norris desires us to express his heartfelt thanks and deep appreciation to the many friends and Meyer Post, G. A. R., who came to his assistance in his hour of trouble.

—FOR SALE—Second-hand buggy and single harness. About good as new. E. O. PHILLIPS.

—Wick Greene and his crew have painted 41 buildings since last April, Robert Montgomery's residence in this city making the 41st. This certainly is a good record and speaks well for the work of Wick and his bunch.

—What's the use of going to St. Joseph for Holiday goods? None on earth; you will find the finest display and most extensive assortment ever shown here on exhibition and for sale at the Variety Store.

—R. H. Hughes, living in the May-district, was a liberal distributor of honey Monday of this week, 20th instant. He went to St. Joseph, driving down with a load of farm products, among which were several cases of honey. While driving along, his team frightened at a Union line street car on Sixth street and became unmanageable. The wagon was upset and Hughes' right arm badly injured. Several cases of the honey fell out of the wagon and were scattered along the street.

## "KIDDIES SIX."

Anyone wishing a book of "Kiddies Six," by Will M. Maupin, can have same by leaving their order with Whit Maupin, at this office. Delivered to any part of the city. Price, \$1.00. Both phones.

## Notice!

Until further notice, Kunkel & Kiddoo, Photographers, will be in Oregon, Friday and Saturday of each week only.

They have special Christmas Prices. Call and see them in the Peacher Building, east side of square. If

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THE OREGON INTERURBAN  
TIME TABLE.

Effective Sunday, January 1, 1911.

Oregon. Forest City.

27 Lv. 7:35 a. m. Ar. 8:00 a. m.  
A-46 " 9:30 a. m. " 9:55 a. m.  
20 " 12:10 p. m. " 12:35 p. m.  
21 " 2:30 p. m. " 2:55 p. m.  
A-45 " 4:25 p. m. " 4:55 p. m.

Return F. City.  
C. B. & Q. Time

Lv. 8:20 a. m. Ar. 8:45 a. m.  
" 10:10 a. m. " 10:35 a. m.  
" 1:00 p. m. " 1:25 p. m.  
" 2:40 p. m. " 3:05 p. m.  
" 5:01 p. m. " 5:25 p. m.

Note—A-Daily Except Sunday.

A special train for stock and carload shipments will leave Oregon at 12:10 p. m., whenever desired by shippers.

Notice: All local freight will leave Oregon on the 9:20 a. m. train.

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## PRAYER OF NEHEMIAH

Sunday School Lesson for Nov. 26, 1911  
Specially Arranged for This Paper

LESSON TEXT—Nehemiah 1.  
MEMORY VERSE—2.

GOLDEN TEXT—"The effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."—Jas. 5:16.

TIME—Thirteen years after the Return of the Exiles under Ezra (our last lesson), Nehemiah's prayer, II. C. 44, November, December. He went to Jerusalem the next spring, II. C. 44.

PLACE—Shushan, or Susa, one of the three capitals of the Persian Empire at the time of this lesson. It is now called Bus, in southwest Persia. The ancient city has been excavated, and various inscriptions and remains of buildings have been brought to light.

RULERS—Artaxerxes, called Longimanus (or long-handed), began to reign II. C. 465, reigned till 424. Athens came under Persia (448). Military tribunes in Rome (448).

JEWISH LEADERS—Nehemiah, who became governor of Judea. Ezra the scribe had returned to Babylon. Malachi the last prophet of the Old Testament must have been living at this time.

Ezra's home was in Babylon, Nehemiah's in Shushan, 250 miles further east, with fewer persons of his own nationality, and farther away from news of what was going on in Jerusalem. It is this separation of homes that explains why there was so little working together of these two men, till both had been at Jerusalem.

Nehemiah was walking one day outside the walls of Shushan, so Josephus tells us, when "some strangers, making for the city, travel-worn as if by a long journey, were overheard by him discoursing in his own language, the Hebrew. Nothing touches the heart in a strange land more than one's mother tongue. He went up to them, therefore, and, introducing himself, found they were from Judah, and one was his own brother, Hanani.

Naturally Nehemiah asked them about the state of things in Judea. He learned that Ezra's reforms in relation to marriages with the heathen, made the surrounding nations very bitter. The leaders on both sides were many of them allied by marriage, and for the Jews to repudiate their foreign wives, as if claiming to be so much better than their neighbors, must have infuriated them. It struck the divorced women as a cruel and insulting outrage. Driven back to their paternal homes with their burning wrongs, these poor women must have aroused the utmost indignation among their people. Thus the reformer had stirred up a hornet's nest.

Nehemiah was a true patriot. He was a deeply religious man, a man of prayer and consecration, God-fearing, true to his convictions. He showed remarkable wisdom and shrewdness.

If any fault is recorded of Nehemiah, it is one which he himself reveals, a fault that for a long time prevented Alexander Whyte from loving him—"and, worst of all, I thought him a man who was always well pleased with himself."

Max Muller, in his autobiography, says that the story of a man, which leaves out his faults, is like a picture deficient in shadows, and fails to bring out the bright points of his character. "We want to know his faults—that is probably the most interesting part of him," certainly often very helpful.

Charles Keade calls him: "Faithful courtier, yet true patriot; child of luxury, yet patient of hardship; inventive builder, impromptu general, astute politician, high-spirited gentleman, inspired orator, resolute reformer; born leader of men yet humble before God."

The first thing, the absolutely necessary thing, for Nehemiah was to find divine help, wisdom, guidance, for himself, and the source of power over the king's mind. For this he prayed to the only being who could answer his prayer, and he kept on praying for four months, while the double answer was being prepared—in himself that he, by deep thought, and new light and divine wisdom, might be fitted to receive the answer, and in the king that he might be inclined to do his part toward the answer.

That for which Nehemiah prayed was like the first petitions in the Lord's prayer, "Thy kingdom come." For his prayer was not for merely a few people and the city that were in danger, but for the kingdom of God on earth. The condition of things at Jerusalem was a dishonor to Jehovah and to his religion.

His prayer had been so far answered that he knew what he had to do, and that the time had come for doing it. His prayer now at the end of four months, was for guidance and help and success in this crisis.

The answer came through and in the man who prayed. So Jesus bade his disciples to pray for more laborers to gather in the spiritual harvest. The answer came through their own work in that harvest field. It came also in their being better laborers, wiser, more earnest, more self-denying, more skillful. In all sincere prayer one must be willing to do his part toward the answer.

The answer was coming during all this time of delay. The answers are often long preparing. As one prays for fruit, and the answer is begun by the planting of seed, followed by the nurture of sun and rain. But the fruit must grow and ripen before it can be eaten. Thus printing could not prevail till good, cheap paper was discovered, and each invention, as steam, telephone, telegraph, depended on other things to make them useful. The battle must be fought before the victory can come, and the victor would be of small value without the battle.

## To the Rescue

Mrs. Yarp is an extremely light sleeper. Moreover, the night was hot. The fact that Yarp was fathoms deep in a noisy slumber, utterly undisturbed by her restless wakefulness, was an added annoyance.

It was extremely unfeeling and brutal of him, to say the least, to be storing up freshness and energy for the morrow, while she most decidedly was doing nothing of the sort. Repressing a desire to smite him, Mrs. Yarp arose and got a drink of water. Then she wandered to the open front windows in the hope of finding a breeze.

Suddenly all the mists in her brain were dissipated in one illuminating flash. She had seen a light in the Barger's house across the way!

The Barger had gone two weeks before to their summer home in Wisconsin and had carefully boarded up all the downstairs windows and doors, leaving no caretaker.

It was a flickering light, and Mrs. Yarp could see it move through the second floor hall into a bedroom. Then it came out and evidently wandered downstairs. Again it discreetly and flickeringly came up.

Mrs. Yarp with two bounds reached the side of her slumbering husband and shook him violently. "Henry! Henry!" she cried.

"Lemme be!" murmured Henry.

There was really nothing else for her to do, so she pulled his hair violently. Thereupon Yarp sat up with a rush. "Have you gone crazy, Evalinda?" he inquired.

"There are burglars in the Barger's house!" Mrs. Yarp hissed at him. "Burglars!"

"Burglars at the Barger's?" Yarp repeated with alliterative relish. "It sounds like a vaudeville sketch—"

"Henry," interrupted his exasperated wife, "if you don't get up this minute and do something, I—I'll—, pretty sort of neighbors we'd be, wouldn't we, if we let them carry off all the Barger's things? Get up!"

Yarp obeyed and scrambled into some clothes. He regarded with rising excitement the light which was still flickering about.

"I'd better telephone the police station," he said. "Maybe we can catch them!"

"They must have broken in at the rear somewhere," said Mrs. Yarp as she feverishly put on a kimono and one black and one brown shoe. "Now, don't you go and get shot, Henry! Why can't you stand outside and shout at them?"

Yarp's reply to this was a combination of snort and howl. Already he was down the stairs and Mrs. Yarp was following.

The patrol wagon soon stopped a block away and the three policemen and Yarp conversed in a dark mass under the big oak tree in front. Leaving one man to guard the boarded up front of the Barger house the others made a sortie to the rear.

On the Yarp's front porch Mrs. Yarp clung to a post and strained her eyes in the semi-darkness. Back to the Barger's house Yarp and the two officers prowled carefully. They found that the boarding on the basement door had been removed. Yarp and one policeman stole inside, leaving the other on guard in the rear. Yarp's knowledge of the house was a help, though occasionally the policeman flashed his lantern. Up into the silent kitchen and the stuffy dining room they prowled. Apparently nothing had been disturbed.

"They must be beginning upstairs," whispered the officer.

Yarp's heart thumped as they crept up the stairs, pausing at every step. Once a board creaked. Yarp could hear his companion's heavy breathing. They gained the top. There was no light visible.

Yarp did not dare whisper. The sudden awful thought that the intruders had discovered them coming, and were waiting in ambush to pounce upon them paralyzed him. Perspiration was streaming from his brow. A shut up house on a hot night is extremely warm.

As they walked into the front bedroom something heavy hurtled at them, and the policeman and Yarp went down in a crash, while simultaneously shrieks arose. They could hear the racket below as the man on guard in the rear stumbled to their rescue. Mrs. Yarp across the street added her voice to the excitement. "Henry's killed! He's killed!" she wailed. The man in front was beating on the boarded door, there being nothing else for him to do.

When the second policeman reached the scene and turned on the light of his bull's-eye lantern it disclosed Yarp, policeman No. 1 and Barger himself giving an imitation of the Lincoln statue tangle. Cowering in a corner was Mrs. Barger. Barger and Yarp blinked at each other dazedly.

Barger came to first. "We ran in town today for some new furniture for the cottage," he said, "and after the theater we thought it would be cooler out here than in a down town hotel. The gas was shut off for the summer, so we used candles. I heard you coming up just as we went to bed, and I thought you were burglars!"

Yarp staggered to the open front window. "Keep still, Evalinda, for goodness' sake!" he called. "We've got to draw lots to see which of us gets arrested."